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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK

MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

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ANNIVERSARY
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1906

WILSON
JANUARY

A SALUTE

My relationship to the Council of the Southern Mountains for the past 33 years has been a continuously gratifying experience. During these years I have witnessed great effective growth of the Council in many desirable directions.

It has grown in membership with hundreds of interested persons in the work of the Council, many of them giving the best of their lives to the cause of the Southern Mountains. The Council has grown in the breadth of its concerns so that now it covers every human community concern of the vast area, such as religion, education, health, industry, agriculture, business, recreation, economics, political, social, and family life, art, music, and drama. The Council has effectively brought together the leaders in these various areas of human concern and correlated many of their efforts into common thrusts against the problems of the area.

The Council has also interested an exceedingly large number of specialists outside the area and brought their resources into a helpful relation to various organizations and activities of the region.

It has been with considerable pride that I have served as President of the Council for the past two years. It is a great organization unequalled in its service and ministry to the area. It should be a challenge to anyone who is interested in the new dynamic and emerging society of the Southern Appalachian Mountains.

Henry S. Randolph, Secretary
Dept. of Town & Country Church
Indian Work
United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK
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SPRING

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1960

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1960

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- ☐ Distributing multi-vitamin capsules in areas of need.
- ☐ Helping communities to plan to establish and maintain dental clinics.
- ☐ Providing leadership training in organizing and directing recreation programs for small communities.
- ☐ Underwriting the Council's growth and service within the Appalachian South.
- ☐ Recruiting for education i.e. a program to encourage mountain youth to complete grade and high school training, and to alert them to the many possibilities of a low-cost college education.

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KING, OF THE MARTINS

by Bob Connor



Darting among the grotesque poles in graceful aerobatics, a purple martin seizes an insect on the wing and returns to its clamoring brood nesting in a lard can in a strange housing development. The chances are that before the day is over, it will have made over 100 such foraging trips in the vicinity.

This is the third season this martin has summered here, in this same house, and raised a brood of younguns. It would be difficult to estimate how many mosquitoes, house flies, potato bugs, locusts, termites, beetles and moths this one martin has destroyed in this time, but it must have been an astonishing number.*

Mr. King, who buys and cuts government timber and operates a small farm in Rockcastle County, Kentucky, didn't always have a martin colony. About six years ago, while visiting a neighbor, he observed a group of ten martin houses. His neighbor explained that he was trying to lure martins to kill insects in his garden but so far not a single martin had appeared.

Mr. King went home and promptly put up a martin house made

*IN 1913 THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURE EXPERIMENTAL STATION ESTIMATED THAT MEADOW LARKS ALONE IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY CONSUMED 193 TONS OF INSECTS DAILY IN FEEDING THEIR YOUNG DURING NESTING SEASON.



of a section of hollow log with the ends closed: That same day two martins took residence.

If two martins were good to have around, then a hundred pairs of martins ought to multiply the advantage a hundred times. Mr. King kept right on building until he had as strange a sight as you will see on any farm in the land. But his reasoning was sound; the more martins you have, the fewer insects you have. The houses are no expense to him and require little upkeep. The daily sight of over a hundred martins gracefully darting through his garden areas is a pleasure to his eyes and a reward to his pocketbook. Mr. King does not worry about buying insecticides.

A keen observer of nature, King's studies and observations have brought him to conclusions which are supported in books on ornithology. No one told him not to put up martin houses too close to his own dwelling. No one told him the martin house must have ventilation or the young will be driven out by the summer heat and die in their fall to the ground. No one told him to have the house supports 15 or more feet tall. But one need only look at Mr. King's colony to know the martins are satisfied with their quarters.

It is not always tranquil in the colony, though. Occasionally a snake will climb one of the tall supports and enter a house in search of food. The commotion set up by the enraged martins brings Mr. King on the run. Quick work with a hoe, or whatever tool is handy, takes care of the snake. The hawk is another common enemy of the martin. While the martin, in protecting its young, wages relentless war on any hawk that comes into the territory—and this safe-

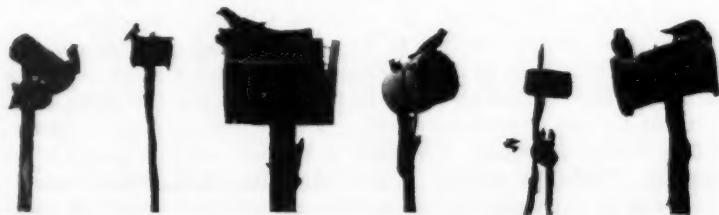
guards poultry and small songbirds—it sometimes falls prey to a hawk's dive. But more often than not the martins, by banding together, are able to drive off the winged predators that invade their area.

Martin colonies were once quite common in America, especially in the deep South where it was not uncommon to see myriads of gourd houses suspended from crosspieces attached to poles. But the appearance of the English sparrow marked the beginning of a new era for the martin. Many a colony was abandoned to the oncoming horde of sparrows which took up residence faster than the martins could throw out their nests and eggs. The problem of enticing martins and not sparrows to a colony house or group of individual houses, such as Mr. King's, has led bird lovers to take various measures.

One method recommended is keeping the holes corked until the martins arrive from the South. Mr. King used to use a more drastic method but it did eliminate English sparrows. Constructing a regular feeding platform in the barn, he attracted English sparrows with a mixture of grains. When they had accepted this feeding area, he put out grains mixed with D-Con powder.* "First thing you know, the city birds had disappeared. I had to get shut of 'em and it cost me 12½¢ to shoot one of 'em."

It should be explained here that Mr. King wasn't getting rid of English sparrows at the expense of his songbirds. His barn inhabitants consisted of swallows and phoebes. Swallows feed on insects; the phoebe belongs to the flycatcher family. The English sparrows were the only grain-eating birds in Mr. King's barn. He could not have chosen a better place since the barn is a natural gathering place for English sparrows. Now, however, a rather surprising discovery by him has made the use of poison unnecessary. Again through observation, he found that sparrows will not nest in a tin can! When the majority of his houses were of hollow log sections mounted on poles, he and the martins had troubles. Now, as fast as he can, he is converting to tin cans; and for several additional reasons. The tin cans heat quickly and cool quickly. They can be

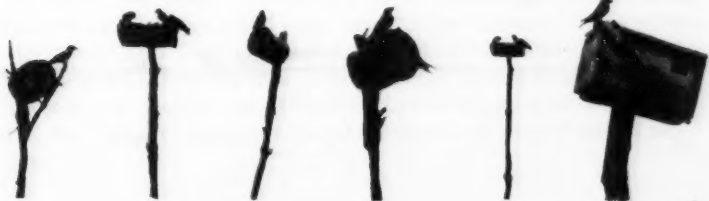
*A COMMERCIAL RAT POISON.



properly ventilated. ("You split 'em along the sides and then pull the upper flap out so it won't leak and the water drop all over the bottom. Then the bottom, I job it full of holes so in case rain blows in on 'em, it leaks right on out.") Mr. King doesn't recommend anything smaller than gallon-size cans. They are easy to clean and are rot-proof in addition to being lightweight and simple to mount on a pole. An 8-pound lard can, gallon paint can, or even a 2-gallon oil can is suitable for a martin house.

Almost constantly on the wing in search of insects, the martin was known to the Mohegan Indians as "the bird that never rests". The Indians would have been even more amazed at this robin-size bird's endurance had they known that it spends its winters in South America and its summers as far north as the Arctic Circle. But although the martin is a wide-ranging migratory bird, its true residence is where it nests and raises its young, and to this end Mr. King has done everything but hang out a "Home Sweet Home" sign.

The secret of Mr. King's crop protection by the martins is in the elimination of the moth or miller that produces the destructive worms which eat vegetation. Naturally, the martins cannot kill all of them, so there are a few bean bugs and cut worms. However, there is no longer a need to worry about horse flies bothering his livestock, or worms getting into his tobacco, corn, or beehives. It is interesting to note that martins do eat drone bees but not the workers.





The number of houseflies on Mr. King's property is negligible and he has observed the destruction of whole swarms of termites, with his entire flock of martins concentrating on the job.

In addition to all their other practical and esthetic values, the martins predict the weather. "When it's goin' to rain, they're goin' to get way up there. And if it's goin' to be right hot, you'll find them down here real low. But the way they're flyin' now, both high and low, it's a sign that tomorrow is goin' to be pretty much like it was today. And if it's goin' to come up a storm, they really get up there."*

A conversation with Mr. King will convince anyone that he has a deep affection and understanding when it comes to nature and the wildlife around him. The martins are not just another element related to his farming; rather they are each individuals with separate characteristics. Although their general habit is to nest from April to November, Mr. King's martins arrive on the first day of March and stay until the end of August. Sometimes this early arrival date means they must endure snow for awhile. But they come back early anyway, and each pair enters the same house they left the previous season, a house which, incidentally, they had emptied of everything but straw before their departure.

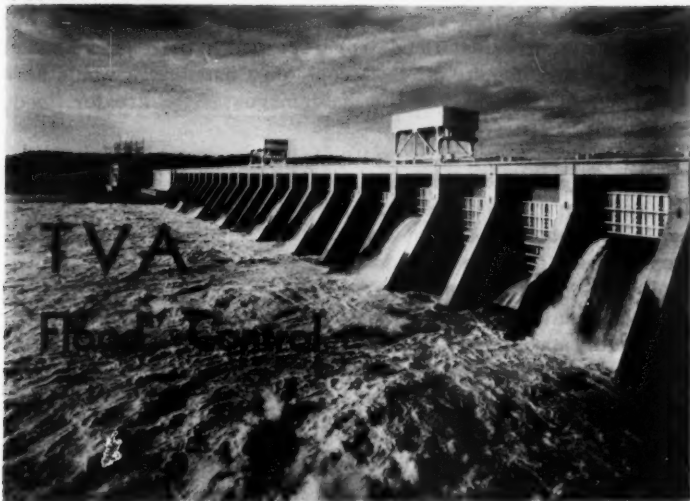


One day Mr. King made the mistake of moving one of the old houses to a different location and installing a new house where it had been. When the martin arrived it went into the new house, stayed about 30 minutes, and then left it to perch on another house nearby. Finally, after it had returned to the new house many times in obvious confusion and frustration, Mr. King said to his wife, "Nellie, I've got to go move that old box of his and put it back where it was!"

*THIS MAGAZINE WILL WELCOME ANY SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION WHY INSECTS (OBVIOUSLY THE MARTINS ARE FEEDING) TEND TO ACHIEVE SUCH EXTREME ALTITUDES PRIOR TO A STORM.



CONSERVATION



"... as a controller of floods, which was one of the TVA's assigned missions, its success leaves no room for argument at all. . . .It is just wonderful, everyone agrees."

So spoke the Detroit News in an editorial of January 6, 1958. The occasion was the publication of TVA's annual report describing in detail the Tennessee Valley flood of January-February 1957—its biggest flood in 90 years—in which the region scarcely got its collective feet wet.

The Detroit News meant to be complimentary, and it was. But the editorial made TVA flood control engineers wince.

"People are likely to think we are perfect, and we're not," said one of them. "TVA dams and reservoirs have done great things, and we are proud of it. But the weather in this valley can produce storms so great that even our huge network of controls could not prevent disaster in some localities."

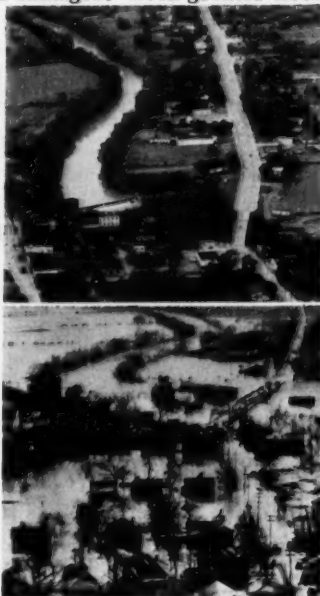
He had Chattanooga in mind. Here, in "the great flood of 1957," the water level crept only two feet above flood stage. Without TVA flood regulation, it would have been 22 feet higher! Much of the city would have been inundated, including large sections of the business and industrial area. About 12,000 houses would have been flooded with perhaps 50,000 people driven from their homes. In all, the property damage averted amounted to more than \$66 million.

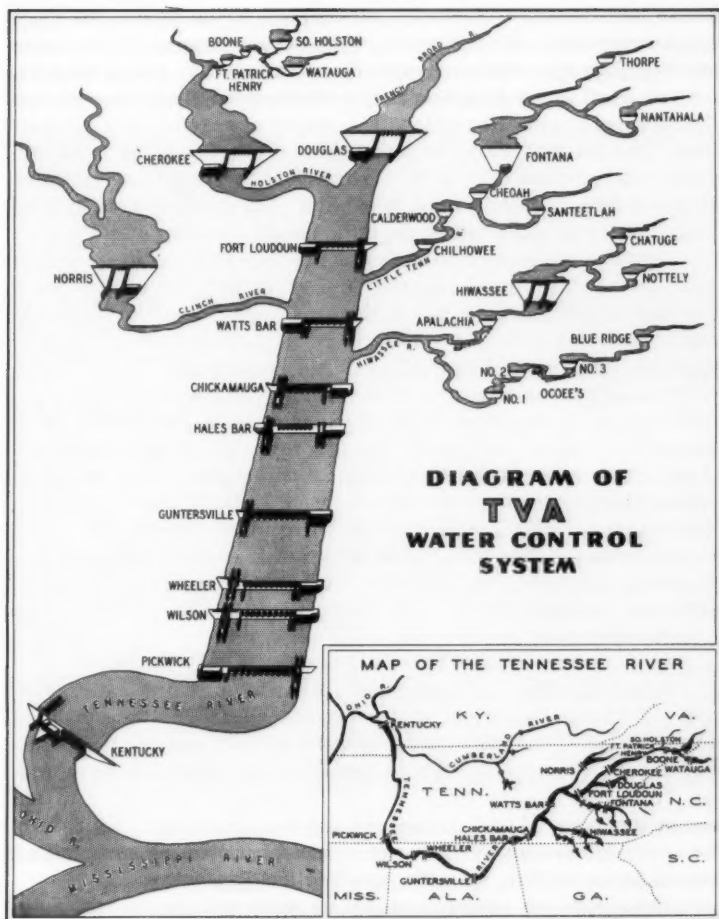
Yet Chattanooga still needs levees! Another inch and a half of rain on top of the 1957 storm would have produced under natural conditions the greatest flood ever recorded in the eastern end of the Valley and despite all TVA could do Chattanooga would have suffered more than \$1.5 million in damages. Even greater floods may occur.

Chattanooga is not alone in its latent danger. Other parts of the Valley have not been and cannot be fully protected against flood damage. An example of this is Shelbyville, Tennessee. First photo at right shows this town as it normally appears, with the flood plain seeming to invite development for homes and industries. Lower photo of the town after the crest of a 1948 flood shows what happens to homes and businesses which intrude upon the flood plain. Many such towns have flood problems they have to "live with"; dams are not economically feasible. The solution offered by TVA engineers is local protective levees, urban renewal plans which will remove some structures from the area, and local zoning ordinances to guide future development.

Therefore, after a quarter century of river regulation, the word from TVA engineers is not "Rest Assured!" but "Watch Out!" They are as anxious to encourage local action on local flood problems as they are to tend their gates, sluices and spillways.

The 1957 flood has served to focus national attention on the reservoir system protecting Chattanooga. Of equal importance, however, is the fact that this system, and especially the huge Kentucky Reservoir impounded by Kentucky Dam near the mouth of the stream, helps to protect 10 million acres of rich land in the lower Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. The TVA system has operated to reduce crests on these rivers as much as three feet, and this help from the regulated Tennessee can represent the difference between safety and disaster behind the levees protecting many Mississippi Valley farms.





HOW THE KNOW-HOW WORKS

Rainfall and runoff data accumulated at many points in the Valley over a period of nearly 90 years have established that there is a major flood season which starts about January 1 each year and generally lasts into early April. Because of the possibility of a succession of floods during the season, water levels behind TVA dams are lowered during the autumn so that the reserve space for flood water storage is greatest on January 1. From the data of many decades, the engineers have calculated how much storage space must be reserved in each multiple-purpose reservoir at any time during the year to provide maximum safety from likely storms.

These low January 1 levels are maintained, in the case of the main river reservoirs, throughout the flood danger season. Reservoirs on the tributary streams, however, are allowed to rise gradually. Around April 1 the danger of major valley-wide floods is over and the reservoirs are allowed to fill as nearly as possible to a summer level near the top, the full-pool stage. Even during the summer, some reserve space is kept in readiness for regulation of local storm runoff. Then around September 1 a gradual reduction of water levels is begun to complete the annual cycle by January 1.

Because the success of a flood control operation depends largely on prompt and suitable regulation of reservoir levels and stream flows at the beginning of a flood, this operation is the most pressing and exacting of all river control activities. The staff of TVA engaged in water control operations includes personnel who measure the intensity of the rain as it falls at widely scattered points in the Valley. Others watch the stream gages to calculate the volume of flow in the creeks and rivers. Quickly, by radio, teletype and telephone, they transmit the data to the central control office in Knoxville. Here trained specialists analyze the information, calculate the volume of water flowing into the streams and where it is likely to concentrate. The U.S. Weather Bureau has a special staff assigned to function in co-operation with TVA's river control staff, furnishing two precipitation forecasts daily and three or more when a flood emergency arises.

TWO PRINCIPLES OF FLOOD REGULATION

Two principles are fundamental to the science of flood regulation. The first is to reserve flood storage space so it is available when needed. The year-end drawdown of TVA reservoirs is designed for that purpose. TVA's principal storage space protecting the Tennessee Valley exists in the reservoirs impounded in the mountain gorges of east Tennessee and western North Carolina; for the lower Mississippi Valley, the principal protecting storage lies behind Kentucky Dam near the mouth of the Tennessee.

The second key principle is that the water running into the main stream, when it cannot be stored, must be passed down stream as rapidly and harmlessly as possible. TVA's main stream dams and

NOTICE

Berea College June graduate, English major, seeks writing job in Southern Appalachian area. Experience on small-town weekly newspaper. Promotional or newspaper work preferred. Write to Evelyn Coskey, Box 488, Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.

As a service of the Council of the Southern Mountains, this magazine furnishes, free of charge, information on job positions available, and people desiring employment. Check page 56 of this issue for further data.

their reservoirs—with one notable exception*—have relatively small flood storage space. They could not possibly impound the waters of a major storm. It is necessary, therefore, to open spillways in a period such as this to get rid of the water in orderly fashion.



*TVA's KENTUCKY DAM (1938-1944) creates a reservoir 184 miles long, two-thirds of which is useful storage. Through regulation, crests on Ohio and Mississippi can be lowered as much as four feet.

To get rid of water in the main stream, TVA river regulators at times open the spillways when heavy rainfall is predicted instead of waiting until it actually begins. This serves to lower the reservoir level, creating more storage space for the waters expected. As the storm progresses, a continuous stream of reports flows into the Knoxville center. On the basis of these reports, the engineers decide whether the water should be impounded, or whether sluices and spillways should be opened wider to speed the movement of dangerous water out of the Valley.

Whenever storm waters have been impounded during the flood danger season, reservoirs are lowered again immediately at the end of the storm to provide space for another deluge which might

and frequently has followed the first.

Since the completion of Norris Dam in 1936, thirty floods have occurred at Chattanooga which in their natural state would have equaled or exceeded a flood stage of 30 feet, at which damage begins.



A view of Chattanooga's flood of 1917. Arrow points to the level which would have been reached during the 1957 flood without the regulation provided by TVA dams.

These included the crests of 1946, 1947 and 1948 which at the time would have been the fifth, sixth and seventh highest floods of record at that point, and the 1957 flood which would have been the second highest. Damages averted at Chattanooga alone are estimated at more than \$120 million. For comparison, the entire flood control system cost \$184 million.

INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE
TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY



ANNOUNCING

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APPRAISAL

In April, 1925, *Mountain Life & Work* gave its first lusty editorial squall. The man who whacked it on the back was Marshall Vaughn. We reprint here what he wrote 35 years ago, along with his comments of today. Many of the problems that existed then are still with us and, for this reason, the policy of the magazine has remained the same. To better understand this, read what the first editor writes about

ML&W...Its Purpose and Scope

by Marshall E. Vaughn

The Appalachian Mountains might be appropriately called one



1925

of the grand divisions of the United States. It is one of our oldest regions with the traditions and customs of an honored and revered ancestry. Innumerable heroes of every war from the early colonial Indi-

an skirmishes down to the great World War (I) have come from humble mountain homes. Tears and heart aches, joy and ecstasy have in turn hardened and softened the life of the mountaineer.

Contrasted with the history of most pioneers who fought, suffered and endured for a period and then conquered the region, the mountaineer suffered and endured and was largely conquered by the region. The mountains have been unyielding to the ordinary processes of pioneering and for one hundred and fifty years have bent the backs of their people. This grinding toil for a living and unending combat with natural forces have a tendency to produce clannishness, factionalism, feuds, and a fatalistic view of life.

continued

Thirty-five years ago I was proud to launch *Mountain Life &*



1960

Work on its literary journey. At this time I was holding the joint offices of Secretary of Berea College and Director of the College Extension Service. The objective of the magazine was partially expressed in

the statement on the front cover of every issue—"in the interest of fellowship and mutual understanding between the Appalachian Mountains and the rest of the Nation."

That was a fundamental objective but the extension of that objective was to give the more fortunate regions of our country a grass-roots picture of the economic and educational burdens that hundreds of thousands of fine citizens of the Southern Appalachian Mountains had to bear.

It is almost unbelievable that 35 years later, in this extravagant period of exploitation and plenty, we can make a similar statement relating to the economic conditions of large segments of the eight million citizens of our Southern Mountains.

continued

(1925)

It has been the sporadic outbreaks in the mountains that have given rise to a lot of unauthorized characterization by professional writers and unscientific reformers. There has been built up among the mountaineers what the psychologists call an inferiority complex. It has found expression in the humble submission to outside invasion and in the eager acceptance of small favors and paltry benevolences. The mountains are poorly understood and insufficiently appreciated. It is a region of vast resources that has been blocked out of the wild by a great people and held in trust, as it were, for the modern capitalist to develop and utilize. Its people are beginning to see the dawn of a new day and to give form and expression to their ambitions.

Interest in mountain problems heretofore has been largely of the patronizing kind, the alms-giving variety for the "uplift of the mountain whites". Today there is a national sentiment mobilizing in favor of the broader aspects of mountain life.

To reach a true understanding of the real mountaineer will require a modification of many concepts about his life and habits that have been built up around him. Not only is it necessary to change the thinking of the outside world regarding him but he must be brought to a different understanding of himself. It is to bring about these two ends that MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK is launched. Every

(1960)

There is some modification that should be included in a present day report on the economics of the Southern Highlands. There is improvement in roads and the modes of transportation, some better schools and areas of reasonable prosperity, but there are still hundreds of thousands in these hills and mountains who are living on a scale far below the level of opportunities that are enjoyed by the rest of our country.

These people can be made a real asset to our beloved nation through their loyalty, trustworthiness and a brand of patriotism unexcelled by any other group. By comparing the economically independent groups in the mountains with the groups below a decent standard of living, you will find the numerical balance is on the side of the substandard groups.

Let us take a look at some apparently hopeless conditions. The plight of the coal industry is an example of the suffering of wage earners and small producers; mountain erosions and creek and river floods take great tolls from mountain farmers. Most of the tillable farms are in small acreage as the valleys are very often narrow and the hills and mountains steep.

In many counties the roads are bad and a handicap to both farm and commercial trucking. With so many odds against the farmers, thousands of them have no incentive to do more than eke out a bare living. From many of these homes

(1925)
educator and social service promoter who has had much experience in the mountains in recent years has felt or is feeling the need of such a medium as this publication. It is with the minimum of misgivings that we undertake the task, for a serious and thoughtful country like ours will support this magazine for the good it will do.

MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK desires to serve and beyond that it has no ambitions to gratify. With that mission in view it ventures to challenge the people to a common effort. This publication, endorsed and made valuable by its writers chosen from the best thinkers on mountain life to be found in the country, desires to deliver a two-fold message—one to the dweller of the hills and the other to his brother of the plains and cities. It will realize its hopes if it can become a voice successfully inviting to a common effort the many forces within its field—schools, public and private, the churches, public officials, clubs, and other governmental and private agencies. It will serve a larger usefulness if its voice can reach every corner of our common country, telling others of the needs of the mountains, of their opportunities, of their ambitions and their potentialities.

The highlands are now on the threshold of a new era which will develop either through conquest or self-development. MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK desires to see the

(1960)
have gone young men and women who have their place in the world. They have the mind and character but they leave home, in too many cases, to get an opportunity to fulfill their minds' desires. If opportunities could be made more available, locally, many trained young people would stay here in the mountains and contribute their abilities to making a better life for those around them.

It may surprise some to know there are still very many one and two-room schools where the overburdened teachers must individually teach all the grades that have pupils. These tremendous problems call for cooperative action at the community level, the state level and the national level.

It was my profound belief in the value of community cooperative action that prompted me, in 1922, to start an experimental project of volunteer community cooperative work in a number of mountain counties in Eastern Kentucky. Enough volunteer communities agreed to carry through a two year cooperative project plan to qualify 10 counties to join in the movement. It was a volunteer enterprise from the beginning to the end.

The two years of organized work for better schools and buildings, improved homes, mended or newly constructed roads, improved Sunday School and church attendance, brought results far beyond the anticipation of the leaders

(1925)

new era come by way of self-development rather than by way of conquest. There is a strain of blood in the mountains that America needs to perpetuate the ideals of the fathers. There is a simplicity in living that, if properly utilized, will help to sober the dizziness of our national life.

We would appeal to every American interested in needy people anywhere in the world to lend his cooperation to one of the most reliable groups of our great nation. We would help to establish a more intimate acquaintance between the mountains and the lowlands. We would make more clear and compelling the vision of prosperous and happy homes among the highlands.

oooooooooooooooooooo

MARSHALL E. VAUGHN AND FIVE GENERATIONS OF HIS ANCESTORS WERE BORN IN MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY. HE IS AN ALUMNUS OF BEREA COLLEGE WITH GRADUATE STUDY AT THE UNIVERSITIES OF TENNESSEE AND CHICAGO; SUPT. OF CITY SCHOOLS, NEWBURN, TENNESSEE, 1912-14; SECRETARY OF BEREA COLLEGE, DIRECTOR OF COLLEGE EXTENSION SERVICE, 1914-26; OBTAINED LEAVE OF ABSENCE FROM BEREA COLLEGE IN 1919 TO JOIN ARMY EDUCATIONAL CORPS IN GERMANY AND FRANCE; MEMBER OF KENTUCKY STATE LEGISLATURE IN 1924. HE LAUNCHED THE NEW MAGAZINE MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK IN 1925 AND BECAME ITS FIRST EDITOR. RESEARCH ASSISTANT IN THE RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION OF THE DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR, DOING WORK IN COAL MINING COMMUNITIES IN W.VA. IN 1937 HE WAS APPOINTED MANAGER OF THE NEW KENTUCKY SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE IN LEXINGTON. SINCE RETIREMENT HE AND HIS WIFE HAVE MADE THEIR HOME IN BEREA WHERE, BY HIS MANY PURSUITS, HE IS PROVING THAT A MAN MAY RETIRE, BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE TO SLOW DOWN.

(1960)

who helped to direct the work. In all, there were 10 community projects in each county.

The success of this two-year program was the incentive that led to the launching of Mountain Life and Work magazine. For 35 years this publication, in modified form, has gone into the homes in many states and in the reading rooms of college libraries.

The voice of Mountain Life and Work is needed now as it was 35 years ago. It must cause the thinking citizens of regions outside the mountains to see the need. It must continue to be a voice speaking to the citizens of the Southern Mountains, telling them what they can do and give examples of people in other areas of the mountains who are attacking their problems and show how they are doing it.

The problem is with the people, and local cooperative action can play a good part in laying the groundwork for a better economy. But substantial planning and help must come from outside sources. The extension services of Universities of states that contain mountain counties can contribute research help. Other agencies, including government agencies, can be brought to bear when the full picture is visible.

Mountain Life and Work has a great opportunity to keep the fires burning until a solution is found.

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REMINISCENCE

To an "outsider", a simple mountain home may appear drab; a place of toil and privation. The following reflections by a young college student on her not-so-distant childhood not only dispute this, but afford a lesson in awareness for those who have eyes but see not. Here, in a setting that would be less than satisfactory for many modern Americans, the panoply of spring affords a riot of sensory pleasures for a child whose world is a mountain hollow.

Spring is a Feeling

norma baker gordon



There was a small swamp below our house, where our spring overflowed, which was full of frogs. With my brother and me, it was a time of great joy the first evening we heard the frogs sing. We would sit out on the porch with Dad, listening to them and to Dad as he told us that the little frogs were saying, "Come over! Come over!" and that the big bullfrogs were saying, "Too deep! Too deep!"

Finally we would go inside and get ready for bed. Dad would say, "I guess spring is here."

Sure enough, the next morning when we got up there would be spring! The last piece of ice hanging on the cliff across the branch in front of our house would fall; Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Lewis would bring their curtains for Mom to wash and stretch. Every year Mom would say she was going to quit washing other people's curtains but she never did, so Brub and I decided she just said that and was really very proud because she was the only woman for miles around

who had a pair of curtain stretchers. We always helped her put the curtains on the stretchers and then watched them to keep them from blowing over, as well as to keep the chickens off. After several days of stretching curtains for other people, there came the day we really looked forward to—the day when we did our own curtains.

On that day Brub and I got up very early and began to carry buckets of water to pour in the huge black tub sitting over the fire in our back yard, while Mom took down the curtains and gathered everything in the house that was washable. Brub and I helped her carry the mattresses and pillows outside to sun, and then we wandered through the empty house that now had the barren look of a winter tree. We wandered only for a short time! Then there was Mom with pans of hot soapy water, putting Brub and me to work. All day we worked. The walls, windows, floors and furniture were scrubbed and waxed under Mom's supervision as she rushed from the house to the yard where Old Lil was helping her rub the clothes clean on the washboard. When we finished inside, Mom handed us a rake and a broom and sent us to clean the yard, while she scrubbed the winter's deposit of coal soot from the porches.

What fun it was to rake and sweep the yard and what wonderful things we found! Such as the lovely Dagwood ring we had got in the Christmas cracker-jacks, a pretty blue medicine bottle, and the forgotten grave of a bluebird we had buried the summer before. We dug up the little wooden box that Dad had made for us and opened it to see if the bird was still there. Saddened to find only bones and feathers, we mournfully reburied it and silently continued our work. I know the grass did not spring up in a day, but when we would finish the yard and then look back, there it was almost entirely green! In excitement we would call Mom to see how pretty the grass looked and she, as excited as we and approvingly noticing our completed job, would hug us joyfully.

It was always dusky dark before we got all the huge piles of fresh clean wash carried inside. Old Lil would say goodnight and we would watch her disappear into the dark hollow behind our house before we went inside where Mom would have a fire in the kitchen stove. She would give us two old sweaters and we would begin to polish the furniture, relishing the strangeness of the fireplaces which Mom had stopped up for the summer. When the furniture was polished, Brub and I would take turns in sitting on one of the sweaters and being pulled over the floor to polish it. Then would come the most delicious pleasure of all—a good hot bath and a fresh sweet bed! Mom would be putting up some billowy white curtains as I fell asleep.

Next morning when I awoke, the world would be beautiful. The

morning light would sift softly through my curtains, giving the room a feeling of being filled with downy cherry blossoms and there would come a day when, Oh wonderful! the many cherry trees in our yard would be blooming gloriously.

When the cherry trees were blooming, it was sheer joy for me to be the first one up in the morning. I loved to climb to the highest branches and sit motionless, allowing the loveliness of the world to soak into me. The winter sternness of the mountains was softened by the blushes of red wood and the delicate greenness of beech, oak and poplar trees. The earth was no longer soggy mud, but sweet, moist, and bursting open with joy. The sky was blue and when the warm sun reached the top of the mountain it seemed almost suddenly to flood the tightly fenced-in valley.



At about this time, Mom would come to the door and call, teasingly, "All right, Zacchaeus, you can come down out of that tree now." I'd climb slowly down, knowing she wanted me to churn while she cooked breakfast. When I'd get inside, there would be the old white churn with the wooden lid and dasher waiting for me. Up and down I'd plunge the dasher until the butter stood two or three inches on top of the milk, and then Mom would scoop off the soft butter and put it on the table with hot biscuits, eggs and ham.

Then would come the day when, after breakfast, Dad would go out to the barn and harness Old Beck to the turning plow. We loved this day especially, because it was usually the day when we were allowed to go outside for the first time without our shoes. We would follow Dad to the garden, walking gingerly because of the sharp rocks in the path. When he began to plow, we'd dig our toes into the soft, warm earth while the chickens chased after the plow to eat the worms the plow had unearthed.

When Mom finished the dishes we would have to begin work. We'd carry piles of wood from the mountains and put them on the beds she had made to sow seeds for such things as lettuce, tomatoes and pepper. Then we would build big fires on the beds to kill all the weed seeds before we sowed the vegetable seeds.

There were millions of things to be done. The seed potatoes had to be cut in quarters so that at least two eyes were in each piece and then planted with two pieces in each hill; the tiny onion

sets had to be put in the ground, the corn planted in the fields; and by the time this was done the rest of the garden was needing to be planted. The beans were planted on Good Friday and the following week the cabbage plants were set out, turnips sowed, cucumbers planted, along with dozens of other things.

Finally everything would get planted and there would be a few days for play. This was usually around the time that "rough" fish were spawning. These were very small fish which got their name from their bumpy, rough heads. They came up the creek and made their beds, but at night they left the creek and came up into the branches to play. My brother and I would go down to the mouth of the branch on our farm around eight or nine o'clock at night to set a burlap sack trap for the rough fish. We would then go back up the branch a short distance, wade in, and scare the fish down into the sack. Proudly we would take the bite-sized fish home for Mom to clean and to fry.

During this little interlude between planting and hoeing, Dad was still working. Every day he would leave for the "Big Sandy", which is not the river but one of our fields which has very sandy soil. He was plowing this field to sow soybeans and in order to waste no time he did not come home for dinner. Brub and I were very glad about this because it meant that we could take his dinner to the field. Mom would bake cornbread and crumble it into a big bowl and then pour spring-cooled milk over it. This and a small jug of honey made Dad's favorite dinner. Brub and I would take the pasture road to the field, stopping at every interesting place we passed, such as the old coal mine, the salty spring, and the swamp. We liked the swamp especially because in the spring it was filled with frogs, frog eggs, tadpoles in various stages of growth, lots of shiny swamp flags rippling in the wind, and delightfully resilient willow trees. The joy of the journey to the field was exceeded only by the pleasure of talking with Dad while he ate. He would tell us exciting stories about when he was a boy and a wild boar chased him up a tree, or the time a panther followed him for several miles one night when he was going to see Mom before he married her. The best story of all, however, was the one about his shooting a ghost one night. We would beg for stories until Dad would send us home with the promise of a visit to Grandpa and more stories that night if we would get our chores finished early.

Dad was always as good as his word, so we would go to our Grandpa's house at the very top of a mountain which took us about an hour to climb. Brub, Dad, Grandpa, Granny and I would sit out on the porch in the twilight, watching the stars come out. The valley was so straight down from us that I always felt as though I were

in a very tall cherry tree. Gradually the darkness would fill the valley and climb slowly up to the house. Grandpa and Dad would take turn about telling stories. From hunting and Indian stories the tales would switch to ghost stories and things seen in the "elements". Grandpa always said "elements" instead of sky and the way he pronounced the word always gave Brub and me a creepy feeling of something unknown and frightening. We'd creep very close to Dad, watching the sky and hugging each other in cowardice at the unexpected streak of a shooting star.

Granny would light the coal oil lamp and the feeble glimmer would give Brub and me courage. We would get out in the yard to chase the lightning bugs and put them in a jar Granny had given us. Sometimes when we got home we would turn them loose in our bedroom when Mom wasn't looking and then when the lamps were put out we would lie in bed giggling as we watched them fly around the room.

A day would soon come when Dad would say, "Today we will start hoeing the corn." We would get up before the sun and, taking out our hoes, head for the fields. The dew would be heavy on the grass and weeds. The small shoots of corn were so fresh and crisp that a careless hoe would snip them off in a single movement. Brub and I would hoe along, singing and whistling, listening to the birds, the gurgle of the creek, or Dad's voice commanding Old Beck to "Gee!" or "Haw!" and sometimes we would just think. I liked these times very much and I'd think about such things as what the inside of an ant hill looked like, where heaven was, and whether I'd ever find a mushroom like the one Alice in Wonderland found.

At the end of the row Dad would tell us to rest and he'd sit on the plow stock fanning with his hat. Sometimes we didn't talk but just sat with the mountains all around us and watched the creek flow past.

At the end of the first day in the field we would go swimming in the creek before supper. Afterwards we would sit out on the porch listening to the sounds of the night. Whippoorwills, crickets, katydids, screech owls, and frogs would form a pattern of sound to go with the lightning bugs and the warmth of the softly scented breezes that made the flame of the coal oil lamp flutter. Around the top of the mountain the stronger winds would sigh lonesomely through the trees. Perhaps a shower of rain would fall.

If it rained, Brub and I would remain on the porch, sitting on the floor and leaning against each other as we listened to the rain falling on the thick weeds and grass.

The Departure



Mary Wolcott Wright

The truck stood in the road and the four of them carried the furniture out of the house. The father and the youngest boy Billy with the bed. Stacy, the oldest, with the table. And Huby, the middle one, with the last two chairs. He rested them on the doorstep to get a better grip. As he stood there, he looked after the others, hoisting and shoving to fit everything in. All their stuff, moved out of the house and into the truck, to be hauled away to the other side of the Mountain. To the City. Huby's hands tightened on the chairs, and he carried them across the yard.

Their voices were subdued now.

"A little higher, Billy."

"Fasten the gate back, will you, Stacy?"

Nobody said anything more about going or not going. That had all been said.

"There. That's it, ain't it?" asked Stacy. He brushed the dust from his pants.

"Take the broom, Billy," their father said. "Go sweep out the house."

But it was Huby who took the broom. He went back inside by himself.

The house was empty now. The windows wore a vacant stare, and the walls were naked, except for their streaks of soot and the long stains of old rain under the windowsills. The floor was littered with the bits and crumbs of moving, and with another, finer dust—the dust of a family's having lived there.

It wasn't much of a house. Only three small rooms with neither paper nor paint. But to Huby it was not merely a house. It was the house he was born in. It was the house where he, his parents, and Billy—and Stacy too, until he ran away—had lived and grown and been a family together. It was his home. The only home he had ever known.

But even that was not the whole of it.

It was also the house where his mother had grown sick and died.

Huby took the broom and swept the dirt from the floor. He swept the corners and the cracks, and he gathered it all in a heap. The dirt of their shoes and their clothes. Of their mouths and their minds. All the dirt of their living together. He swept it up, and out, and into the yard. Family dirt, lost in the dirt of the world. But they were moving. They must leave nothing behind.

Huby glanced about him. He must find his mother's ghost and sweep that out too.

"Well, are we ready?" asked Stacy.

"Go fasten the shed door, Billy," said his father quietly.

"What else?"

"What else?" Their father stood and looked at the house. Then he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "Nothing, I reckon. I reckon that's all."

"Well, let's get going then," said Stacy.

"Billy, throw them cans in the bushes."

"What about this basket, Paw?"

"We'll leave it. We'll just leave it."

"Okay!" Stacy's hand was on the door of the truck. "Let's go."

But Billy found an old cap in the dust, one he used to wear. He shook it and put it on his head, although it was much too small for him now.

"Tie the door, Huby." Their father picked up the broken pieces of a flowerpot, but let them drop again. "Come along, Huby. We're going now."

Huby stood on the step. He tied the door with slow fingers. But he didn't come.

His father turned around. "Come on, Huby," he repeated. Huby stared at his father.

A small, bent man with spindly legs and bloodshot eyes.

Why was he doing this? Why was he taking them away? This was their home, and had been their home, and still could be their home. Even though their mother was dead and lay in her grave on the hillside. How could they leave this house with its woods, the rocks with their shadows, when these things were as much a part of them as their blood and their bones? As if it meant nothing at all, what she had said! "Don't take the boys away. Don't take them away across the Mountain." Hadn't he heard her say it? Hadn't she said it to him? Then why was he taking them away?

But his father climbed into the truck with Stacy and sat there peeling the dirt from his fingers.

"Better come, Huby." Billy was already in the back with the furniture, leaning against the side, with his arms crossed under his chin. He was gazing up the road that led over the Mountain.

Huby looked at him. Billy, the bright one, the happy one, the lively one. The one who lived among the trees and was quicker than rabbits. Billy, whose laughter rolled off the hillside like water falling in the creek.

Huby could not understand—why did Billy say nothing? Did he know where they were taking him? Huby and Billy had been to the City once before. They had gone with their father to see Stacy, to try and bring him home again. Huby remembered. He remembered the clatter and the smoke, the stink and all the confusion. He wondered that Billy should have forgotten. Did he know there would be no rocks to hide behind, where they were going? No quiet woods, no flowers by the door, no birds in the morning? Only street after street of concrete walls and the perpetual din of too many people. There was nothing there for them! All they wanted—and knew—and loved—was here. Why did Billy say nothing? Why did he just gaze up the road that led over the Mountain?

But Billy continued to gaze, with the little cap pushed back on his head.

Then Stacy spoke. He was sitting behind the wheel, waiting. "Well?" he demanded.

Huby stuffed his hands in his pockets and stared at the ground. "You all go on," he said. "I'm staying here."

There was a short silence. Then Stacy said, "Come on, Huby." It sounded like a threat.

But Huby clenched his fists inside his pockets. What did Stacy have to do with it? What business of his was it to come back with his truck and order them all to go over the Mountain with him?

Just because he had run away and forgotten who he was and who his mother was. . . just because the stink and the swill of the city suited him. . . ! Let him have it and keep it, but for God's sake leave them in peace in the place where they wanted to be!

Stacy had not seen his mother weep, when he left to go over the Mountain. He had not been there when she was dying and begged the others not to go as he had gone. Yet now that she was dead, he came back and told them they must go—told them they must go with him to the City—because there was nothing left to stay for here!

Were his mother's grave and his mother's ghost nothing to him?

Stacy stepped on the starter. "We ain't got all day, Huby. You know you can't stay here."

Huby stood on the doorstep. The door was tied. The house was empty. The bars to the pasture were down and the cow was gone. Over there in the truck was everything they possessed. Everything he possessed. His bed. His clothes. His knife. His father and his brother. They had taken them all and put them in the truck, and the truck was waiting. Nothing was left. Nothing was forgotten.



Nothing. Except the house itself. And the dirt. And his mother's ghost.

"I said, you go on. I'll take care of myself."

Huby started to walk around the house. He held his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground. No one called after him. Neither Billy nor his father.

But then he heard footsteps behind him, and he began to run. He ran toward the woods, but Stacy's hand caught him before he could get away. It caught him by the collar and pulled him almost off his feet.

"Goddam you, Huby. Get in that truck!"

Stacy was older than Huby, and stronger. Stacy, like the City he came from, was made of wire and steel with a concrete heart.



Although Huby kicked and struggled, he was dragged through the dirt to the truck and thrown in behind, with the bed, the table, and the old chairs.

"Now shut up!" Stacy snapped and climbed again behind the wheel.

The truck jounced forward and started on its way up the road that led over the Mountain.

But as they went, Huby looked back at the empty house. At the trees behind it and the earth beneath it. At the hill and the creek; the shed, and the place where the flowers had grown. And as he looked, he thought he saw in the vacant windows the ghost of his mother, staring after them, calling after them.

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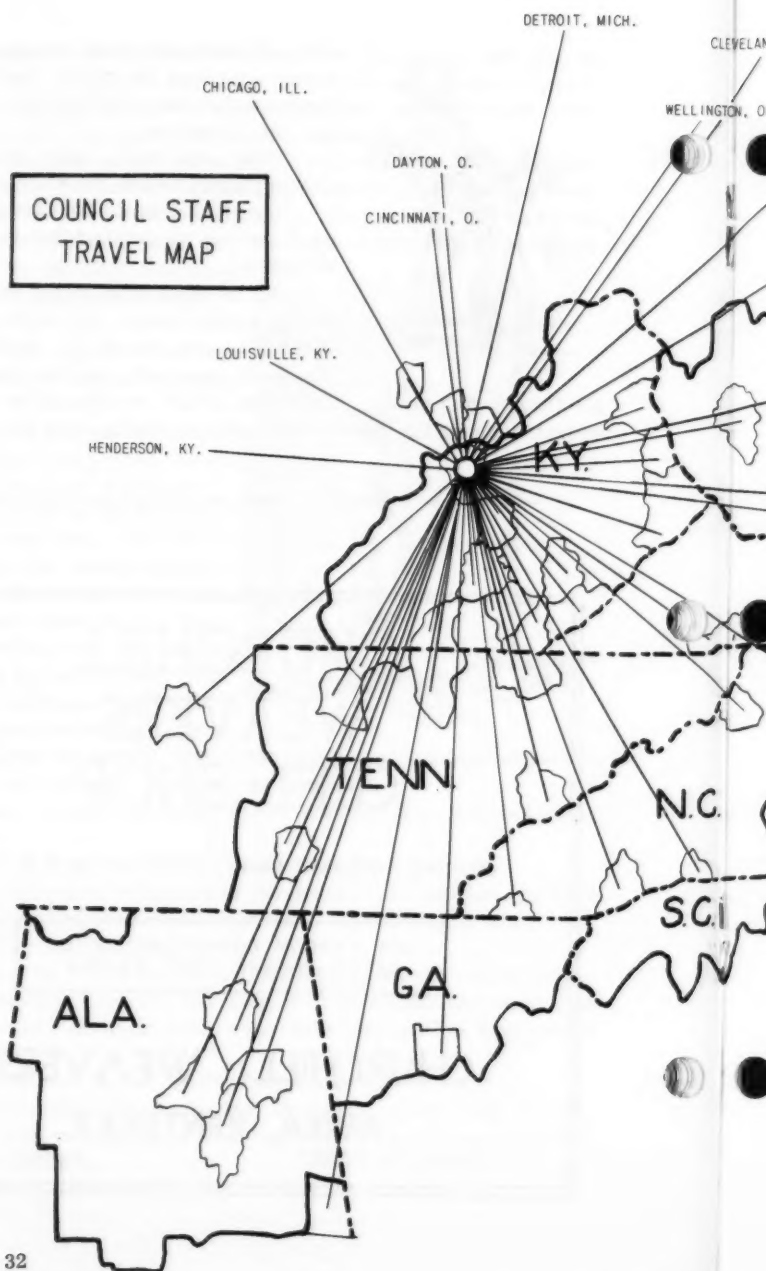
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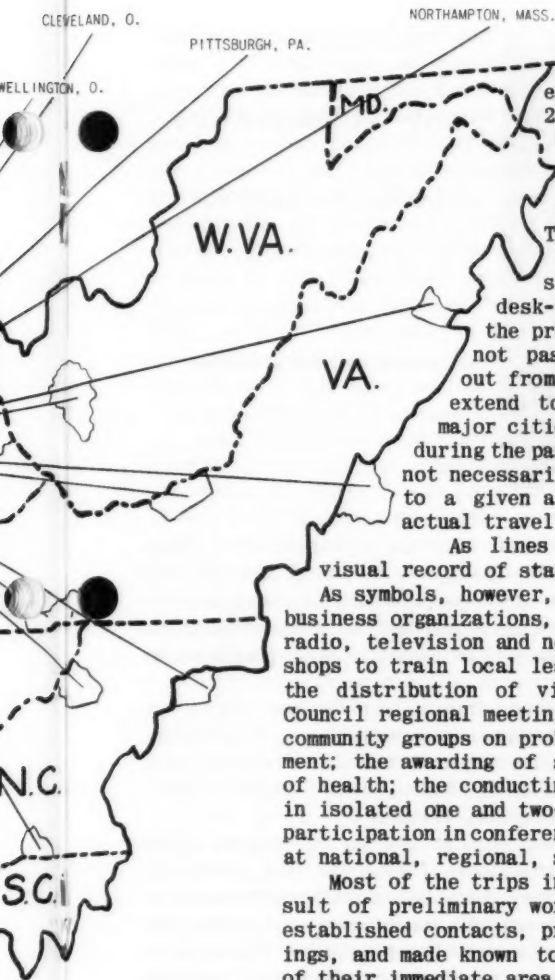
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COUNCIL STAFF
TRAVEL MAP





This is a map of the Southern Appalachian region where 256 counties in portions of nine states comprise the area for which the Council of the Southern Mountaineers labors and exists. This map was made to illustrate the fact that the staff of the Council is not desk-bound; that its concern for the problems of this region is not passive. The lines project out from headquarters in Berea and extend to the various counties and major cities visited by staff members during the past six months. A line does not necessarily indicate just one trip to a given area, nor does it show the actual travel done in the area itself.

As lines only, they do provide a visual record of staff activities in the field.

As symbols, however, they represent talks to business organizations, clubs and church groups; radio, television and newspaper interviews; workshops to train local leaders in adult recreation; the distribution of vitamins and used clothing; Council regional meetings; discussions with rural community groups on problems of economic development; the awarding of scholarships in the field of health; the conducting of recreation programs in isolated one and two-room schools, and Council participation in conferences and committee sessions at national, regional, state and local levels.

Most of the trips indicated here were the result of preliminary work by Council members who established contacts, prepared the way for meetings, and made known to the Council the problems of their immediate area. As the map shows, many sections were by-passed during the last six months. More active representation by Council members in these locales will extend the reach of the Council and increase its influence.

In the aggregate, these lines illustrate only one technique employed by the Council to maintain its unique status as the only organization devoted exclusively to all the problems relating to the quality of life of the southern mountaineer, and the ultimate impact of these problems on the nation as a whole.

TRIBUTE



Dr. May Cravath Wharton

THE CUMBERLANDS

LOSE A FRIEND

by Helen Bullard Krechniak

The death of Dr. May Cravath Wharton of Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, on November 19, 1959, brought to an end a distinguished career devoted to the service of the people of the Cumberland Plateau. The monuments she left are solid, but the "Doctor Woman of the Cumberlandds" will live longest in the hearts of the people whose troubles she made her own.

Behind the present Uplands-Cumberland Medical Center in Crossville, the May Cravath Wharton Nursing Home, the Retirement Village and Uplands Sanatorium in Pleasant Hill stretch forty years of working out her dream of bringing better health at lower cost to the people of the Cumberland Plateau.

Dr. May came to Pleasant Hill in 1917 as the wife of Edwin Wharton, newly appointed principal of Pleasant Hill Academy, which the American Missionary Association maintained there for some sixty years. Her work with the mountain people of the surrounding area, begun during the great flu epidemic of 1918, was as truly a mission service as anything she might have done in China or Africa. Until the coming of the principal's wife, doctors' visits were practically unknown among the isolated highlanders, for the nearest doctor was twelve rough miles away and charged for his calls at the rate of a dollar a mile. The nearest hospital, 85 miles away, might just as well have been on the moon as far as these people were concerned. Dr. Wharton's answer to this need became, after the death of her husband in 1920, the challenge of her life. With her devoted Miss Elizabeth Fletcher and Miss Alice

Adshead (a graduate nurse), she set up the first "hospital" of two beds in a frame house she rented in Pleasant Hill for four dollars a month. Immediately the three women began dreaming of a "real" hospital and planning for it. It took nearly two years to get it, starting with no money and few affluent friends. Uplands Sanatorium—cost: \$6,000—was literally dreamed into reality. From that moment Dr. May and her associates never stopped dreaming and building for the health and comfort of the people of the Plateau. Around Uplands sprouted a collection of dwelling houses and places to work; in 1937 "Van Dyck" for tuberculosis patients was opened. Uplands-Cumberland Medical Center in Crossville was opened in 1950, the May Cravath Wharton Nursing Home in 1954, and the Retirement Village, now a rapidly developing project, soon afterward. The story of this work is told in Dr. Wharton's autobiography, "Doctor Woman of the Cumberlands", published in 1953.

Like every determined dreamer, Dr. May made courage and hard work her constant companions, and looked not infrequently to the power of prayer. Her particular blessing was that she was able to draw about her a dedicated group of selfless assistants who made her dream their own.

For the impact of her personality and her work on the people around her, I can do no better than quote from the talk delivered at her funeral by Dr. Robert M. Metcalfe, Dr. May's devoted right-hand-man for the past twelve years:

"The chief purpose of this memorial service is not the honoring of Dr. May (she would be the last to want that), but rather the stimulation of us, the living, to pause a bit and consider our own fleeting lives and undecided destinies in the glow of a life which has, with characteristic dignity, slipped away from our community.

"Dr. May's life will always be especially meaningful to those of us engaged in the healing professions. Dr. May was a great physician, not only because of her excellent training at the University of Michigan and her scientific skill (and some of you are alive today because of that skill), but more because she permeated her daily work with concern for people as human beings, not as diseases. Dr. May knew that the cry of the sick person was a cry for love and understanding as much as for a diagnosis and a prescription and although it meant expending herself, she gave that healing love and understanding. This is a central insight of the healing arts and the life of this woman will always remind us of it.

"Many of you were here then, so I don't need to remind you that when Dr. May came to Cumberland County in 1917 there were no hospitals, no public health program, no practicing trained nurses and a very few, isolated, struggling doctors. What tremendous changes have taken place in the 40 years of her ministry of love to

us. And how many of these changes can be traced back directly or indirectly to her efforts.

"We the living, both members of the healing profession and others, have in 1959 the same challenge to create and develop and expand. Dr. May's life should teach us that in our health programs we are only in the process of becoming—we have not arrived. And like her we should be persistently infected with divine discontent. But whatever we do or whatever our ages or however much or however little time we knew her, Dr. May's life and character speaks to each one of us.

"That delightfully dry humor, that almost debonair gaiety which would have appeared almost naive were it not accompanied by a subtle sense of the iron, that joy of living—these made her years a victorious experience, no matter what her accomplishments might be. How did she get that way? If we can learn that secret we shall have learned something of great value for our lives.

"And how did it come about that she was possessed of that prime and rare virtue—genuine humility? Daughter of a distinguished and celebrated family, a highly educated woman able to enjoy wealth and ease, how—in the light of these temptations—did she acquire humility? And in these latter years how did she manage to maintain that chaste and unconscious humility when so many honors were coming to her—honors from Cumberland County; a high alumni honor from her alma mater, Carlton College, in 1953; and an honorary degree from the University of Chattanooga in 1957? And when in 1956 her medical colleagues in Tennessee, rather belatedly I think, chose her the Doctor of the Year, her comment as we nudged her toward the platform to receive the honor was 'Why me?'

"Why indeed? I believe Dr. May was humble and gay and full of joy and mature chiefly because she saw herself, her fellow men, and all their activities in the light of earth-shattering Eternity. Without parading her religious faith, she habitually in her earthly life looked upon the events and circumstances of that life with somewhat the same perspective that she is looking at them this very moment. This abiding sense of the eternal God's presence



Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame presenting award to Dr. May C. Wharton

produced her humility and sober joy, but it gave her vastly more—it generated in her also the idealism, the desire to dream dreams and the wisdom and enthusiasm and flexibility to carry them out successfully.

"Dr. May began her medical work in Cumberland County when she was past 45 years of age. It was after that age that she dreamed of an addition, and then another addition and then another building. It was after age 65 that her dreams of a superb modern medical center crystallized and when it was dedicated it might have been expected that, at 77, she would quit. But she went on to plan and to encourage others to plan for a remarkable retirement center. She possessed the creative leadership to get other people to dream and then to work for the dream. And when projects didn't always work out as she planned, she did not indulge in the futile luxury of remorse or recriminations; she changed her plans and led onward.

"I am convinced that Dr. May did not intend to become a great health and community leader. She just gave over her life and will to God's creative spirit and let that spirit lead her day by day. Perhaps she was surprised herself at the by-products of that fundamental dedication. You would be, too, in your own life, and Dr. May would say that it is never too late, or too early, to make that dedication to God."

~~~~~  
*Helen Bullard (Mrs. Joseph Marshall) Krechniak has lived in Cumberland County since 1932. She has known and worked with Dr. Wharton—who personally delivered two of her four daughters—since that year.*

~~~~~  
Mountain Teacher Passes On

Long time friends of the Hindman Settlement School, Hindman, Kentucky, and of Ann Cobb, who for more than fifty years was a vital part of that school, will be saddened to know that she died in her sleep on January 12th. Miss Cobb, a graduate of Wellesley College, came to Hindman in 1905 to teach. But her work and influence went far beyond the classroom. She was "guide, philosopher and friend" to the hundreds of girls and boys and men and women with whom she came in contact.

She stayed at Hindman almost continuously until 1956 when illness forced her final retirement. She then went to live with her niece in Florida. She was very happy there, but—as her niece writes, "She always treasured her memories of Hindman and the many wonderful people she met there." Through her book, "Kinfolk, Kentucky Mountain Rhymes", her love for the mountains and their people continues to live.



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LOVE DANCE OF THE WHANGDOODLE

Nevyle Shackelford

The worn-out broomsedge field facing the front porch of our old homestead on the North Fork River was a sort of stage, a scene of never-ending wildlifedramatics. There was always something going on but in the more gentle months of spring and summer, the wild tableau was more spectacular and pronounced. By day the spring-to-autumn succession of wildflowers were subject to constant visitation by nectar-loving butterflies and insects. The briar thickets and scattered sumac and persimmon shrubs were filled with birds, singing, nesting and bug hunting, making it a place of ceaseless noise and animation. Then as the stage illumination of the sun faded out behind Squire's Woods, the matinee actors made their exit, giving over to the nocturnal revels of another cast of wild creatures who loved the night.

Gradually as twilight crept over the field, the daytime hum of bird and insect orchestration died away to be succeeded by the symphony of crickets fiddling away under broomsedge stools to the accompaniment of threnodic arias of whippoorwills. With wriggling noses, rabbits crawled from cool hidden nests in the shaded briar thickets to lope away to neighboring gardens where, heedless of fearsome scarecrows stationed here and there along the rows by hopeful housewives, they consumed the tender plants of pea and cabbage patches. Fawn-colored field mice with brilliant shoe-button eyes emerged too, to feast on weed seeds



and unfortunate grasshoppers roosting on broomsedge stems. The mice, in turn, were often feasted upon by tiny screech owls darting in from some fence post on swift, silent and deadly wings. Adding to the suspense, gray foxes, drifting through the broomsedge like evil ghosts, sometimes nabbed a luckless rabbit whose dying screams shrilled across the evening from the backdrop of darkness, mingling with the mournful notes of the hidden whippoorwill.



One warm spring night as I sat in the darkness on our front porch, I heard a new and exciting sound coming from a small bare swampy spot near the center of the field. It was a sort of scraping noise like that made by a country housewife wetting her butcher knife on a jamb rock. The intermittent rasping persisted for several minutes to be followed by soft whistling music that keened across the distance with the tonal quality of a gentle wind blowing through graveyard cedars. The music had a ventriloquial effect, seeming to come from here, from there, from nowhere. As I listened with awe, the whistling changed to a low soft warble like that of a bluebird soothing a quarrelsome mate. Then there was a shrill "peent, peent, peent," followed again by the rasping sound of a woman sharpening a butcher knife.



Consumed with wonder, I turned to my father sitting nearby with his chair tilted back against the wall, smoking his after-supper cigarette. "What was that?" I asked. Righting his chair and flipping away his cigarette, he answered with a chuckle: "That, my boy, was the love dance of a whangdoodle." He then explained, as his father had patiently explained to him long years before, that a whangdoodle was a Wilson snipe;* a quaint long-billed, short-legged lover of the alder thickets of the swamp; a shy earthworm hunter of the lowlands where the earth is soft enough to permit deep probings with its slender flexible bill. He explained that the bird was called a "whangdoodle" because of its peculiar mating movements and song, and described its actions as he had observed them on many springs gone by.



As he told it, the snipe flies out of some neighboring thicket at dusk and locates a bare spot of ground such as was our nearby swamp. There it gives out a series of "peents" and "rasps" and then dances into the sky in a series of wide spirals, climbing higher and higher toward the stars. Up and up it goes, and as it circles through the air it emits a musical twitter until reaching the peak of its flight. Then, like an autumn leaf crowded from its stem, loosens all holds and tumbles downward helter-skelter, giving voice to a warble like

*Not to be confused with the American woodcock.

that of a good-natured bluebird cajoling its mate. After landing, the snipe resumes its peenting and rasping, then repeats the aerial performance. This act is sometimes repeated for hours or until in its wild, unfathomable instinct it deems it has sufficiently attracted and courted its ladylove, usually hidden somewhere nearby.



Some years after this first experience with a whang-doodle, I was lucky enough to have a grandstand seat at one of these unusual performances and was able to confirm all my father had told me. At the time,

I was visiting Fay Hieronymus, a boyhood chum. We had been sent to drive in the cows from a back pasture and as we drove these placid animals in, we heard a snipe calling from an old garden. It was barely dusk and, leaving our chore of the moment, we walked over to a paling fence surrounding a vegetable plot. In the fading light we soon spotted this plump little dweller of swampland thickets strutting about in what had been a cabbage patch.



As we watched him strut about uttering his odd little cries, he suddenly bounded into the air, just as my father had described, and circled high up against the luminous sky. Higher and higher he went

until he all but disappeared against the glowing background of the horizon. Then, upon reaching the apex of his flight, he sideslipped down to earth again, landing on the very same spot from which he had risen. We would have watched longer but an impatient call from Fay's father prompted us to get back to our business. But long after we had milked, eaten supper, and gone to bed in an upstairs room of the old Hieronymus farmhouse, we could still hear the whang-doodle continuing his courting in the garden.



NEVYLE SHACKELFORD is a daily columnist for the Lexington(Ky.)Leader. His articles are noted for their coverage of folkways, old customs, interesting people of the past and present, and grassroots Kentuckiana in general. The foregoing account is from a book in process, to be titled "Squire's Woods", which will detail his boyhood experiences and adventures in the world of nature.

W. S. Harman is a singular authority on the exciting sport of snipe hunting. To find out why he is an authority, turn to page 52.

SPRING'S INTERRUPTION

BONNIE BALL

*Forsythia defied the stinging breeze,
Bluebirds fled to shelt'ring trees;
Jonquils buried their heads under snows,
And tears of the weeping willow froze.*

"Fawcett of Boston"



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SNICK and SNACK

collected by
LEONARD ROBERTS

This story was told by Zora N. Lovitt of Williamsburg, Kentucky, in 1955, who had heard an old woman tell it while Zora was boarding and teaching in a rural community of Wayne County. It is Type 1535, *The Rich and Poor Peasant*, and may be found in most European collections, especially Hans C. Andersen's, where it is titled *Big Claus and Little Claus*. It is not often found in America and perhaps owes its existence in Kentucky to some distant printed source.

One time there were two brothers living back in the country. The rich one was called Snick and the poor one was Snack. Snick had traded around and got him four big fine horses and Snack was hard up and couldn't get much of a start and just had one old horse. When crop time come they allus swapped work but Snick would get the best of Snack about every time. He told Snack, "Now you want to get your crop in." Said, "You can have my four horses to plow on Sunday and I'll take your one old horse the balance of the week." Snack didn't like to trade with him and allus wanted a way to get back on him, but he had to trade this time so they agreed.

Snack hitched up all the horses that Sunday and started plowing and working them. He couldn't keep from bragging a little and acting proud. Every time people would pass the road he would holler at the horses and say, "Get up there, my five big horses!" When Snick started to go to meeting he heard Snack driving the big team and hollering, "Get up there, my five big horses." It made him mad. He wanted everybody to know that four of them horses was his'n. "Snack," he said, "if I hear you calling them five horses your'n again," he said, "I'll kill your horse."

He went on to church and never heard it again that day. But the next Sunday he caught Snack plowing again and calling, "Get up there, my five big horses!" So he killed Snack's horse, just like he said he would do.

Snack got mad this time but he never let on. He just down and skinned his horse out and dried the hide and when it was ready he took it in a sack toward town to sell it. He went in a place to get something to eat, set down at the table, and put his hide on the floor at his feet. While he was waiting to be served he saw a man hiding in a chest across the room. Looked like he was hiding to kill the storekeeper and get his money.

When the storekeeper saw the sack on the floor he said, "What is that in your sack?"

"A talking horse-hide," Snack said.

"A talking horse-hide?" he said, about to laugh. "Let's hear what it has to say."

Snack stomped on the hide with his foot and the hide give a squeaky noise. "What was it that it said?" the storekeeper asked.

Snack said, "It said they was a man in that chest over yander and you can catch him if ye'll try."

Before the storekeeper could get over there the robber had jumped out and run off. The man was surprised as he could be; thought all the time Snack was joking. He asked Snack what he would take for the hide.

Snack sorter studied a minute and said, "It's the only one I got and I don't care about trading."

"Why," he said, "I'll give you a bushel of money for it."

Snack told him to measure it out then, and he give Snack a sack of money and he turned back home. Him and his wife poured out the money to look at it and got to wondering if it was a whole bushel. His wife said, "I'll go over to your brother's and borrey his bushel measure and we'll see for sure."

She went and got the measure and this set Snick to wondering. "What on earth can that poor man have to need a bushel measure?" When Snack come back with the measure Snick asked him pime-blank, "What did you have to measure, Snack?"

Said, "A bushel of money."

"Ah, you're lying," he said, "where could you round up a bushel of money at?"

Snack said, "Oh, I sold the hide of my one horse that you killed." Said, "They're a purty good price now in town."

Snick went right straight home and killed his four horses, skinned 'em and loaded 'em in his wheelbarrer. He rolled it to town and went up and down through the streets hollering, "Horse hides for sale, horse hides for sale. Horse hides a bushel a money apiece."



Well, they wouldn't a soul wanted a horse hide for nothing, let alone paying a bushel of money for one. The people thought he was crazy and begin to tell the police and had the law to make him take them old stinking hides out of town and bury them.

Now Snick didn't have no horses and but very little money. He begin to study, "There is something funny here. If Snack could get a bushel of money for one old bony horse hide I ort to a got something for four." He got to thinking that his poor brother had tricked him.

Well, a few weeks later Snack's mother-in-law died and he had to take her the other side of town to bury her. So he borreyed a horse and buggy from a neighbor and propped her up in the front seat and drove down in town about dusk dark. He went in a place to have something to eat and when the manager brought it he said, "My mother-in-law is out in the buggy." Said, "She's old and don't want to get down. Will you take her a drink?"

The manager went out there with the drink and said to the old woman, "Here is the drink Snack sent to ye."

Of course, she being dead she couldn't speak nor take the drink. The manager said again, "Old woman, here is your drink."

She still never said nothing and didn't take the drink, of course. Finally the man said, "I've had enough of this foolishness. Take this drink or I'll throw it in your face." She didn't move and he hauled back and threwed the drink, glass and all, in the old woman's face.

When the glass struck her she headed off on the ground. Snack was a-watching from the winder and he come running out, said, "You have killed my mother-in-law. You have killed her, she's dead. Call the police, somebody, police, police."

The manager was scared to death and didn't know what to do. He began saying, "I didn't mean to hit her so hard. She must have had a heart attack. Don't tell on me and I'll give you a bushel of money."

Snack acted like he was thinking it all over and finally he said, "Well, she is dead and telling the police won't bring her to again." Said, "I'll take the money and give her a good funeral."

He took the money in a poke and loaded her back on the buggy, went on, and buried her. Got back home and poured all that money out. Him and his wife wondered if it was a bushel and she went over to borrey the bushel measure again. Snick wasn't going to be caught again so he come over with her himself and asked, "What are you going to measure this time?"

"Oh," said Snack, "my other bushel of money."

"Money!" said Snick, "where did you get another bushel of money?"

"Why," said Snack, "I killed my mother-in-law and took her to town and sold her. You see how much I got for her." He poured the bag of money out and filled up the measure.

Old Snick hurried back to the house, hunted up the ax and went over and killed his own mother-in-law. He loaded her onto his wheel-barrer and went to town. Here he went up and down the streets again hollering, "Dead mother-in-law for sale, dead mother-in-law for sale. A bushel of money for a dead mother-in-law."

The people gathered around him and were so shocked they called the law, and Snick had to hurry out of there or get caught and put in jail. He was so mad he couldn't see straight for being fooled a second time. And he swore he would do away with Snack.

So Snick got him a big sack and asked Snack over on business. And the first thing he wanted him to do was see if he could stand in the big sack he had there. Snack said he didn't mind and so he climbed in the sack. Soon as he got in Snick whipped out a string and tied the sack tight as he could, throwed it on his shoulder and started out toward the river to drown him.

"I'll put an end to your monkey shines," he said. "Make a fool out of me." Said, "When I get through with you, you won't play any more tricks on nobody. I'm going to drown ye."

Snack thought he was a goner this time unless he could think up something right quick. They happened to be a small hole in the sack and he kept peeping out to see where he was at. After so long they was passing a church and Snack said to his brother, "Snick, would it be out of your way if you stopped in the church and prayed a little for me?" Said, "I wouldn't mind dying so much if you would just do that."

Snick set the sack down, said, "Oh, what difference does it

make? A prayer won't do you any good 'cause my mind is made up, but," said, "It'll give me a chance to rest while I go in there."

He set it down and went in the church. While he was gone an old man come along and Snack saw him through that hole. He said, "Hey, old man, will you set in this sack awhile?" said, "I have a bet with a feller that I can set in here all day. I don't want to lose the bet and don't want him to find the sack empty when he comes out."

The old man didn't know no better and told him, "Shore, I'll oblige ye a few minutes, if it'll do you any good."

Snack just barely had time to tie him in the sack and run and hide before Snick come back out, picked up the sack and marched right on to the river and dumped him in.

As soon as Snick was out of sight Snack come out of his hidey place and started down the road. He met a man driving some fine



cattle and he decided on a plan to surprise Snick good this time. He said to the cattleman, "Say, let me drive your cattle apiece and I'll give you a piece of gold."

The man thought he was plumb crazy but he was glad to get the money and a rest while he drove them apiece in the hot sun. He took the money and went on ahead to a shade bush while Snack worried with his cattle. Snick was just then coming from the river and he was astonished to see the man he thought he had just drowned, didn't know whether he was a ghost or not. And all them cattle. Where did they come from? Snack went driving them along the road shouting, "Hooey there, Pooley there, you lazy critters!"

Snick couldn't hardly speak but he finally said, "How did you get out of that sack and where did them cattle come from?"

Snack was driving right on saying, "Wooie there," and said "You know, brother, throwing me in that river was the best thing you ever done for me." Said, "That river bottom was just covered with cattle and all I had to do was drive 'em to a shaller place and run 'em out of the river." Said, "This was all I could handle to-day but I'm going back tomorrer and get the rest of them."

continued on page 62



Profits From Poor Land

J. Marshall Porter

When we see the steep, eroded, impoverished fields of our hilly farms being taken over by briars and sumac we have to wonder about the judgment of our forefathers. Clearing these fields from the forests took a lot of grueling labor with saw, mattock and axe, and then the first breaking with bull tongue or cutter plows; then by the time the sprouts were killed erosion set in because no turf or roots were left to hold the soil, and before long they were too poor to pay for the work of plowing and planting, and too steep to put lime and fertilizer on, even if the owner could afford to; and most could not.

Slowly Nature began to protect these old eroded fields that should have been left as created (with a growth of timber). Dew berries, scrub pines, sassafras and sumac sprouts began to grow and cover the scars of man's mistakes.

But there is wealth in these old worn-out fields if planted to the right crops. An acre of the poorest, gullied land you can find will produce from five hundred to a thousand dollars worth of Christmas trees in ten years.

Brush hog clearing may be had from some county Conservation Services at a reasonable cost, or the sprouts can be chopped or grubbed. No other preparation of the land is necessary.

Most states have departments of Forestry, and will give the seedling trees to anyone who will set them out. They also have transplanters, that can be rented at a reasonable rate, to set them out. However, I much prefer setting them by hand in early spring when the ground is easy to work. The setting can be done with a mattock or wide blade bar. The blade is thrust into the ground about four inches and the opening is spread, the young tree roots inserted and tramped in firmly with the heel.

Unless it is too dry, brushy or rocky, a man will set an acre a day in check rows, six by six feet. An acre will hold about twelve hundred trees. Your location will determine which are the best varieties for you to plant. The varieties that find the most ready sale are Scotch Pine, White Pine, Balsam Fir and Norway Spruce. The Norway Spruce will not thrive well in low altitudes. Less than

two thousand feet does not seem to agree with them because they grow too slowly when the weather gets hot. Lower altitudes and hot climates do not seem to affect other varieties. They will thrive anywhere the land is poor.

Of these three varieties, the Scotch and Balsam are the most popular on the Christmas tree markets. Ten to twenty percent of White Pine is enough. These trees will make very little growth the first year, and cows, sheep and other livestock must be kept off the plantings because they will nibble them or pull them out. Sprouts must be kept down, and in June of the third year all trees that want to grow too much on top, or have limbs that get ahead of other limbs on the trees, should be shorn off. About three years of this pruning should be enough to take care of the ill-shaped trees. The pruning is not a big job for a large majority of the trees keep their shape very well without assistance.

The first trees can be marketed within five years. Within seven years half of them will be ready for cutting, and in ten years the larger ones will have grown past the Christmas tree stage. I would recommend planting an acre or two each year so as to have a continued

cash crop each year after they begin to attain marketable size.

The trees find a ready market in any of the small towns and cities. Some growers market their own trees. The first year after you begin to sell them you will have more buyers than trees. If hauled house to house in towns the trees bring from two to four dollars each. If you do not have time to market them this way, dealers will come in and cut them and pay from one to two dollars each by the truck load, and all the owner has to do is count the trees and collect for them.

Your County Agent can give much more information on growing and marketing Christmas trees, but my own experience has taught me that they are a profitable crop, and you will be doing the land a kindness by giving it a crop cover and saving it from going to gullies.

You need not fear that too much planting will overflow the market. I heard this ten years ago when much planting was being done, and each season every grower could have sold more trees had he planted them. This is an easy sideline for "marginal" farmers with poor, hilly fields, and it is a crop that does not add to the burdensome surplus of foodstuffs.

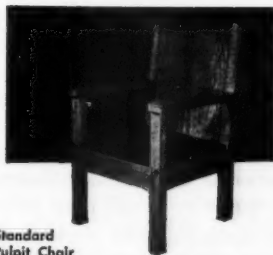
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BOOK REVIEWS

Helen Bullard and Joseph Krechniak record



Cumberland County's First Hundred Years

The life story of a county, like that of a person, has a theme. In the case of Tennessee's Cumberland County, which lies on the Cumberland Plateau, the theme as worked out by Helen and Joseph Krechniak in their book, *CUMBERLAND COUNTY'S FIRST HUNDRED YEARS*, prepared in observance of the county's centennial, is that of the "Road to Somewhere Else." Lacking the rich black soil of the valleys of Middle and West Tennessee, Cumberland County for far too long was obliged to watch streams of people moving westward over its Walton and Great Stage Roads. How the county met this situation and came gradually to know and to exploit its own worth and to achieve its place adds up to an absorbing tale. One chapter is devoted to twice-told tales of life in the early days which are genuine folk lore.

The general history of the county is followed by a brief statement of each of the numerous small communities and the county seat, Crossville, with plenty of maps and old photographs to clarify the account. Then comes a survey of the land and the resources and of every phase of life and activity, including a look at the people themselves.

Family tree diagrams of 45 of the original families make the genealogical section easier to understand than most, even if they are short of some of the dates needed for serious research. The main documentation has been included in full in the appendix — the Census of 1860, the first to show the county after its organization.

Studies by various government and extension agencies and the TVA have been used to show change and progress as well as to furnish many figures. A bibliography of the bulletins and articles written about Cumberland County — and there is a surprising number of these — is followed by a fairly complete index.

The book in spots shows some roughness, due, we are told, to the necessity of putting it together and into covers in the short space of five months. But it should prove a useful guide to the Plateau area and a source book for many kinds of information pertaining to Tennessee and Cumberland County.

"Greetings from Old Kentucky" by Allan M. Trout

Published by the Author

96 pp.

\$1.00

reviewed by W. Gordon Ross

You can't explain Allan M. Trout to anyone who doesn't already understand him. And there are at least two ways to understand him, to feel a response to some of the particulars of his many-faceted daily column, *GREETINGS*, published in the *Courier-Journal* (Louisville) since 1939, and to perform the more general task of seeing his whole enterprise in perspective. This requires a certain mental flexibility.

This volume, like Volume 1, published in 1947, is a collection of daily columns (or parts thereof) from the past several years. The author himself selected those for inclusion.

What is it that the column has become, and what is Trout, as manifested in this column? Let us try to elucidate.

There is, for example, all that pretended seriousness about such matters as our inability to slip daylight past a rooster. At the same time there is a lot of seeming levity about the heights and depths of human significance. The people who are misled are those who take the "seriousness" of the first too seriously and those who miss the seriousness of the levity of the second. But there are many who have the flexibility to appreciate both.

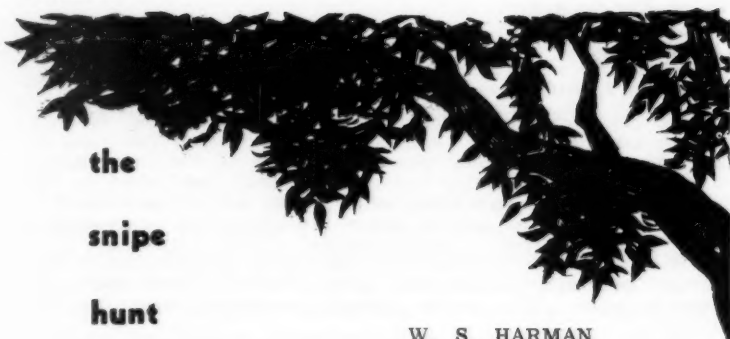
Trout subtly conveys to the reader the assurance that we are all in this enterprise together—the "bearded expert" and the "apple-knocker", the "city slicker" and the "hillbilly", the saintly grandmother and the impious child; the cogitating ridge-runner out with his dogs and the large-hearted housewife who never knows her own worth.

The column is a snare for the unwary literalist and a puzzle to the mind devoid of flexibility. It is a problem for the humorless pragmatist who wants to know "What does it get you?" as it is to those pundits of profundity who dig too deep to "dig" the light touch, and who assume that profundity must always sound like profundity.

And then there are those trademarks of the *GREETINGS* enterprise: the prelude of "fol de rol" that precedes the author's tackling of a subtle problem (especially one he is not sure about); the "organization" of the Barlow Bearcats (membership limited to those who come into ownership of genuine Russell Barlow knives); the oracular terrapin backs; the buck-eye business; and others.

The resources on which he draws include the renowned *Oxford Dictionary*; Civil War History; any available records and explanations of folklore, proverbs, idiomatic expressions; and especially a host of readers who contribute everything from high-level erudition, through stories and reports from family history, on to such questions as "What is the difference between 'itch' and 'etch'?" (Trout's answer to this question was a classic. The present reviewer sent it in, having received it from Mrs. Rexford Hawkins. It appeared April 28, 1950.)

Dr. Ross is Chairman of the Department of Philosophy and Religion at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.



the
snipe
hunt

W. S. HARMAN

I WAS NEARLY A GROWN MAN when I first went to school, so the teachers called me "Mister." The boys called me "Harman." I was sort of green, I reckon. Looked green, anyhow.

One night some big boys came to my room and asked if I liked to hunt. I said small game. All the big game was mostly gone back then. One boy asked if I wanted to go snipe hunting some night. Said there were lots of snipes in the woods near the school. Fine little animals. I told him I had lots of hard work to do to keep up with my schooling. For a month or two he kept begging me to go hunt these snipes.

Finally, late one evening, he came with a meal sack. Told me how the snipe would run in the sack. Showed me how to hold it. I decided to go. So we went up a deep hollow with a gang of the boys. They kept laughing. They told me I was such a good ball thrower that I should make a good driver. Said for me to go up the hill a ways, and drive the snipes down. One boy was holding the sack. I took the others up the slope. Then I started back down ahead of them all, making a big noise, hollering, whooping, throwing rocks, and making all the racket I could.

The boy with the sack came up the slope and said, "You crazy thing! You are just scaring them, and they are running off under the bushes. They won't run in the sack that way. A few real pretty ones came by here. You're cutting up too much."

Another boy said, "Let Harman hold the sack."

So I got down and held it, and they all went off up the hollow to drive.

I held the sack open quite a while. Then I thought, "Just so the sack is open." So I got two sticks and stuck them in the ground. Fixed the sack so it was held open. And then I decided to follow those boys.

The moon was shining and I could see the boys plain. I followed them, and stayed out of sight. I had suspicioned it was some kind of a prank. Slipped on up to where I could hear them talking and laughing. I kept hid behind trees. Followed them, and kept watching. I saw they were making it back towards an old road.

Then I happened to think of a scarecrow a man had fixed up there in his field. Thought, "Maybe it will scare other things, too!"

I was still hid on the dark side of the hill. So I eased on up and got that old scarecrow. I could see the boys coming across a hollow and on up towards where I was expecting them. I took that scarecrow on down and hid behind some trees.

Then when they got close enough I came out of the trees and took after them. I started thrashing around and going, "Boo-o-o! Boo-oo-oo-oo-oo!"

Those boys went down that mountain in a hurry!

As they went by the place where I was supposed to be holding the sack, they yelled, "Run, Harman! Run, Harman, run!" They thought I was still there holding the sack.

I kept on after them, thrashing all around, and I went on hollering, "Boo-oo! Woo-oo-oo! Boo-oo-oo!" And those boys did get about!

They got to the creek and headed for the foot log. I had hold of that scarecrow and knew I couldn't cross the foot log so handy. So I plunged right through the creek like a wild animal, making that old scarecrow jump and thrash about.

I could hear the boys running and grunting. They left there in a hurry! So then I let them go, and waded out and got rid of the scarecrow.

When it got quiet I went on back to the school. Told the boys I didn't want to hold that sack half the night, I was laughing.

The next day they started telling all about the terrible ha'nt they had seen. But when I started laughing again, they quit trying to tell anything about that ha'nt. I reckon they caught on that I had turned the prank right back on them.

Anyhow, they did not try to take anybody else snipe hunting that fall or winter.

• • •

W. S. HARMAN lives in Beech Creek, N.C., where this episode from his "Life" was recorded on tape as he told it. It was transcribed by JULIA CHASE HASTINGS and edited by RICHARD CHASE.



VIGNETTE

Here is the account of an enigmatic character whose unobtrusive presence had a profound impact on a community of which he was never a part, and whose absence was felt by people who never really knew him. The Chattanooga Times carried a feature article on him when he died in 1927. Although he lived beyond the understanding of those around him, he had apparently discovered values that brought him a contentment he could share only with his faithful dogs.

CHICKAMAUGA BILL

by Mary Thomas Peacock

No one seemed to remember when Chickamauga Bill first came. Some even said that he and his two Irish setters had always been there on the outskirts of town in the shack he had constructed of scrap tin and slab bark. He asked nothing of anyone. Sometimes he strayed into church and slipped into a back seat, and his two red brown beauties lay silently beneath him. But if the minister or anyone else became too solicitous about his welfare, he did not return.

He always wore a faded brown shirt that matched the weathered face. On his back was usually strapped an easel and a knapsack containing his paints. If picnickers were gathered for a day in the woods, Chickamauga Bill would manage to sketch conveniently near. Then when dinner was about over he would appear with the two setters obediently following at his heels. The women would pile food high on plates and with gracious hands offer it to him and his hungry companions. Just as graciously they would receive the proffered cards bearing sketches of a field in June with daisies or a spray of mountain laurel or the flash of a cardinal—always accompanied by bits of his own music in the form of verse. The smiles which were exchanged were always from the heart—each having rendered a service.

Occasionally a townsman was able to draw Chickamauga Bill into conversation. Afterward he would always report enlightenment upon his own part—anecdotes from the life of a great artist, an episode in Greek

history, or a rare morsel of the philosophy of living.

Chickamauga Bill was sometimes seen in the public library. At such times the visit partook of the nature of an event. The shirt bore the earmarks of recent laundering. The shoes had succumbed to polish and the knapsack was left at home.


And then one November it gradually dawned upon the folks of the town that nobody had seen Chickamauga Bill for a spell. Getting up courage, some of the men bought food and drove out to his shack. A clump of orange chrysanthemums were in bloom by the door. Above there was a shelf where he obviously put food for his feathered friends. A meager supply of firewood was cut and neatly stacked nearby. There was no smoke from the tin flue but Chickamauga Bill was at home—so were the two dogs.

When the men pushed open the door they fell back before the foul air. At the same time the gaunt dogs challenged the right of any intruder to advance. Later the men returned with the sheriff.

Every church in town asked to share in paying respect to Chickamauga Bill. They chose a spot that looked toward the blue hills he had roamed. The two dogs—they never would eat after that—were placed in a mound beside him. In the park they placed a fountain—two Irish setters. Little children paddle in the pool. The birds he loved so much come to drink. And to this day people say that if one listens, the breeze will whisper "Chickamauga Bill."

Wood Betony is the home of Kentucky artist Bert Mullins and his wife Eva, a schoolteacher. The house represents years of patient labor and was built by them from the native materials on their property. The large window area on the left lights the studio where a mural depicting the progress of education in Kentucky is in process.

WOOD BETONY



*You come upon it slow by mountain road
That twists through Disputanta; and, so they say,
The town was named because there was dispute
Over what the name would be, and to this day
They argue still; they've won them some repute.*

*It looks Kentucky, except it has a lake
Where long-necked birds, all white as cream,
Stand on yellow straw legs and make you see
Places afar-off—that's the place I mean,
Wood Betony, a wonder in Kentucky.*

*"He made that lake," their self-named mayor
Told me. (I'd stopped his mule and asked the way.)
"Same as he's made the house and what there is
Inside. Eve helped. They make it seem like play.
Though neither's ignorant, they live in bliss.*

*"Fourteen gables are on Wood Betony,
And for each gable, inside there's something rare
—A piece of sycamore that Boone fought on,
Or a book on Lincoln from Renfro Valley's Lair.
It's like a shop where folks have come to pawn."*

*But it has a plan, and the nicest thing is that
It's not complete. It grows from day to day.
This section has a start on growing old
Over that section; I've watched it change that way.
Inside there's something new; outside there's mold.*

Billy Edd Wheeler

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- Welcome, Youth Leaders!*, illus. No. 2, pp. 60-61.

continued from page 47

Old greedy Snick didn't know what to say, but he was wanting some of them cattle awful bad. Soon as Snack went on he turned and put out for the river. He jumped in the deepest part, and for all I know he is in there yet. And if they are any cattle in the river, they are in the same fix as Snick, dead.

Snack soon turned the cattle back over to their owner and went on home and never had to play a joke on anybody again.

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### SPRING EVENTS IN SOUTHERN APPALACHIALAND

#### MARCH 28 - APRIL 1

Kentucky Recreation Workshop, Cumberland Falls State Park, Kentucky.  
For information, write: Miss Macaulay, Box 1254, Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.

#### APRIL 1 - 3

Weekend Workshop for College Students. For details, write: Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee.

#### APRIL 7 - 10

Mountain Folk Festival. Folk dancing, singing and informal dramatics for college, secondary school and community groups. For further information, write: Miss Ethel Capps, Box 287, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

#### APRIL 11 - 23

Handicraft Courses in wood carving, wood working, weaving. For full information, write: Georg Bidstrup, Director, John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina.

#### APRIL 13 - 16

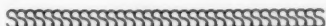
12th Mountain Youth Jamboree. To encourage the young people of the Southern Appalachians in preserving the mountain dances, ballads and folklore. Some 150 performers of school age or younger will take part. Write: Asheville Chamber of Commerce, Asheville, North Carolina.

#### APRIL 28 - 30

10th Annual Wildflower Pilgrimage. For further information, write to Chamber of Commerce, Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

#### MAY 22 - 27

Workshop in Community Services and Integration. Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee.



**BOOKS WANTED** - The Council of the Southern Mountains maintains a reference and lending library on all aspects of the Southern Appalachian region, both fiction and non-fiction. It gratefully accepts book donations and has built the bulk of its library by this means. It is particularly interested in acquiring a copy of John C. Campbell's, "A Southern Highlander and His Homeland." Anything you can do to broaden the scope of this specific service will aid both those in the area and those who seek to understand it.



THE COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, INC., works to share the best traditions and human resources of the Appalachian South with the rest of the nation. It also seeks to help meet some of the social, educational, spiritual, and cultural needs peculiar to this mountain territory. It works through and with the schools, churches, medical centers and other institutions, and by means of sincere and able individuals both in and outside the area.

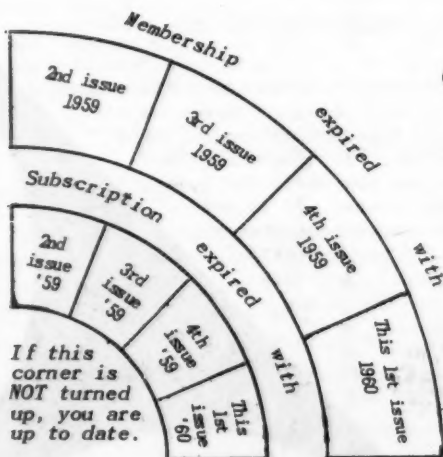
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